

Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1894.

VOL. LIX. NO. 32.

GEORGE W. CROFT. JAS. H. TILLMAN.
Croft & Tillman,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS,
EDGEFIELD, (North Building) S. C.
Will practice in all Courts of South Carolina and Georgia.

Norris & Cantelou.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
EDGEFIELD, S. C.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State.

Evans Brothers,
Attorneys at Law,
EDGEFIELD, S. C.
Will practice in State and Federal Courts. Also in Courts of Georgia.

THE PRICE OF PHOTOGRAPHS
IS GREATLY REDUCED.

Just received apparatus for taking Children's Photographs quicker than heretofore.
Photographs taken in CLOUDY WEATHER.
R. H. MIMS.

AUGUSTA & KNOXVILLE R. R.
Port Royal & Western Carolina R'y.

AUGUSTA, GA., July 5, 1894.
MR. THOS. J. ADAMS, Editor, Edgefield, S. C.

DEAR SIR: I would be glad if you would direct the attention of your readers to the new and attractive schedule to Western North Carolina resorts that is operated over the P. R. & W. C. R'y, The Asheville Short Line:

LY. Edgefield..... 7.10 A. M.
" Trenton..... 7.23 "
connection is made at Augusta with the P. R. & W. C. at 2.35 P. M.
Ar. Greenwood..... 5.23 P. M.
" Laurens..... 6.24 "
" Anderson..... 8.35 "
" Greenville..... 7.50 "
" Spartanburg..... 8.05 "
" Tryon..... 9.18 "
" Saluda..... 9.48 "
" Hendersonville..... 10.22 "
" Asheville..... 11.20 "

Yours truly,
W. J. CRAIG,
G. P. A.

Fire Insurance.

I will be pleased to issue policies to all desiring insurance on Merchandise, Dwellings, Furniture, Barns, etc. I represent

The Manchester,
with its \$8,000,000 assets, and
The Pennsylvania,
with \$3,500,000 assets—two old and reliable companies, and always prompt in the settlement of all losses.

I hope those of my friends who have so long given me their Fire Insurance will continue to kindly favor me with their patronage.
Office in ADVERTISER building.

D. R. DURISOE.

NO MORE EYE-GLASSES

WEAK EYES.
MORE EYES.

MITCHELL'S EYE-SALVE
A Certain, Safe, and Effective Remedy for SORE, WEAK, & INFLAMED EYES, Producing Long-Sightedness, & Restoring the Sight of the Old.

Cures Tear Drops, Granulations, Styes, Tumors, Red Eyes, Matted Eye Lashes, and PAINFUL QUICK RELIEF AND PERMANENT CURE. Also, equally efficacious when used in other cases, such as Ulcers, Fever, Herpes, Tumors, Hair Rheum, etc. MITCHELL'S Salve is the only one that cures. **W. L. DOUGLAS** is the only one that cures. **W. L. DOUGLAS** is the only one that cures.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE
IS THE BEST. NO QUACKERY.
\$5.00 COROVAN, FINEST QUALITY.
\$4.50 FINE CALF KANGAROO.
\$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
\$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE.
\$2.50 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES.
"LADIES"
\$3.50 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKTON, MASS.

You can save money by purchasing W. L. Douglas shoes. Because we are the largest manufacturers of shoes in the world, and guarantee the value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes are made of the best material, and are of equal custom work in style, cost and quality. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than where at higher prices. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, can. Sold by

J. M. COBB,
EDGEFIELD, S. C.
To All Whom It May Concern!

A PETITION will be presented to the next Legislature of South Carolina, convening next November A. D. 1894, to lay off a new county out of the northern or Saluda portion of Edgefield county, S. C.
S. T. EDWARDS, Chair. Com.
B. F. SAMPLE, Sec'y Com.
Subscribe to the Edgefield Advertiser.

HERE'S GOOD READING.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND SPEAKS OUT.

A TALK THAT WILL WARM

The Hearts of Honest Democrats. Why He Would Neither Veto Nor Sign the Tariff Bill.

Greenville Daily News.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 27.—

President Cleveland has written the following letter to Representative Catchings, of Mississippi, in which he sets forth his views of the new tariff law, and gives his reasons for not approving the bill:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 27.

Hon. C. T. Catchings,

My Dear Sir: Since the conversation I had with you and Mr.

Clark, of Alabama, a few days ago, in regard to my action on the tariff bill now before me, I have given the subject further and most serious consideration. The result is, I am more settled than ever in the determination to allow the bill to become a law without my signature.

When the formation of legislation, which it was hoped would embody democratic ideas of tariff reform, was lately entered upon by the Congress, nothing was further from my anticipation than a result which I could not promptly and enthusiastically endorse. It is therefore with a feeling of utmost disappointment that I submit to a denial of this privilege.

I do not claim to be better than the masses of my party, nor do I wish to avoid any responsibility which, on account of the passage of this law, I ought to bear as a member of the democratic organization. Neither will I permit myself to be separated from my party to such an extent as might be implied by my veto of tariff legislation, which, though disappointing, is still chargeable to democratic effort. But there are provisions in this bill which are not in line with honest tariff reform, and it contains inconsistencies and crudities which ought not to appear in tariff laws or laws of any kind. Besides there were, as you and I well know, incidents accompanying the passage of the bill through Congress which made every sincere tariff reformer unhappy, while influences surrounded it in its later stages and interfered with its final construction which ought not to be recognized or tolerated in democratic tariff reform counsels. And yet notwithstanding all its vicissitudes and all the bad treatment it received at the hands of pretended friends, it presents a vast improvement to existing conditions. It will certainly lighten many a tariff burden that now rests heavily upon the people. It is not only a barrier against the return of mad protection, but it furnishes a vantage ground from which must be waged further aggressive operations against protected monopolies and governmental favorites.

I take my place with the rank and file of the Democratic party who believe in tariff reform, and who know what it is, who refuse to accept the results embodied in this bill as the close of the war, who are not blind to the fact that the livery of Democratic tariff reform has been stolen and worn in the service of Republican protection, and who have marked the places where the deadly blight of treason has blasted the counsels of the brave in their hour of might.

The trusts and combinations—the communion of self—whose machinations have prevented us from reaching the success we deserved, should not be forgotten or forgiven. We shall recover from our astonishment at their exhibition of power, and then the question is forced upon us whether they should submit to the free legislative will of the people's representatives, or shall dictate the laws which the people must obey, we will accept and settle that issue as one involving the integrity and safety of American institutions.

I love the principles of true democracy, because they are founded in patriotism and upon justice and fairness toward all interests. I am proud of my party organization, because it is conservatively sturdy and persistent in the enforcement of its principles. Therefore, I do not despair of the efforts made by the House of Representatives to supplement the bill already passed by further legislation, and to have engrafted upon it such modifications as will more nearly meet democratic hopes and aspirations.

I cannot be mistaken as to the necessity of free raw materials as the foundation of logical and sensible tariff reform. The extent to which this is recognized in the legislation already secured is one of its encouraging and redeeming features, but it is vexatious to recall that free coal and iron ore have been denied us. A recent letter of the Secretary of the Treasury discloses the fact that both might have been made free by the annual surrender of only about \$700,000 of unnecessary revenue.

I am sure that there is a common habit of underestimating the importance of free raw materials in tariff legislation and of regarding them as only related to concessions to be made to our manufacturers. The truth is, their influence is so far-reaching that if disregarded a complete and beneficent scheme of tariff reform cannot be successfully inaugurated. When we give to our manufacturers free raw materials we unshackle American enterprise and ingenuity, and these will open the doors of foreign markets to the reception of our wares and give opportunity for the continued remunerative employment of American labor.

With materials cheapened by their freedom from tariff charges, the cost of their production must be correspondingly cheapened. Thereupon justice and fairness to the consumer would demand that the manufacturers be obliged to submit to such readjustment and modification of the tariff upon their finished goods as would secure to the people the benefit of the reduced cost of their manufacture, and shield the consumer against exaction of inordinate profits. It will thus be seen that free raw material and a just and fearless regulation and reduction of the tariff to meet the changed conditions, would carry to every humble home in the land the blessings of increased comfort and cheaper living.

The millions of our countrymen who have fought bravely and well for tariff reform should be exhorted to continue the struggle, boldly challenging to open warfare and constantly guarding against treachery and half-heartedness in their camp.

Tariff reform will not be settled until it is honestly and fairly settled in the interest and to the benefit of a patient and long suffering people.

Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

OFFICE OF SAMUEL CHERRY, 21 Drayton Street, SAVANNAH, GA., Dec. 16, '91.

Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga.:

Dear Sirs—I would like to add my testimony to the almost miraculous effect of P. P. P. in the case of Mary Ingraham, a woman living on my place; she had a constant cough, sore throat, debility, etc., and was emaciated to a degree that she was unable to get out of bed unaided, being given up by physicians; she had taken the ruinous so-called Blood Medicines without the least effect, until being put under the P. P. P., she immediately began to improve and is now in as good health as ever in her life. You can refer to me at any time as to the effects of P. P. P. in the foregoing case.

Yours truly,
SAMUEL CHERRY.

A Marshal Saved Life and Hair.

MONTICELLO, FLA., Jan. 21, 1890.

For the last eight years I have been in bad health, suffering with Malaria, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and Dropsy. My indigestion was bad, and my hair all came out, in fact I was nearly a wreck. I had taken kidney and blood medicines, which did me no good. When I began taking P. P. P., about three months ago, I was as weak as a child. I have only taken four bottles (small size), and to-day I am a well man, and my hair has "come again." I cannot recommend P. P. P., too highly.

W. F. WARE, Marshal, Monticello, Fla.

F. C. OWENS, Witness.

Wall Paper in all shades, very cheap, at Ramsey & Bland's.

TOLD ON THE TRAIN.

The Brakeman at Church—By Robert J. Burdett.

The recent death of Robert J. Burdett, known and loved as "The Burlington Hawkeye Man," justifies and gives opportunity for the republication of this clever bit of sketch work, one of his most popular humorous contributions.

To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more.

"And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church?" I hazarded.

"Naw," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on a schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited Express," he said, "all palace cars and \$2 extra for a seat; fast time, and only stop at big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor; and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that time. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad-gauge," said the brakeman, "does too much compliment to business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag-stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are vague though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow-gauge, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go round it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full no extra coaches; cars built at the shops to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free-Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman; "dirt road-bed and no ballast; no time card and no train despatcher. All trains run wild and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side-tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a line that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders, he'd run that train to suit himself or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you're shouting," he said with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of

SOLOMON BROWN

AND A TILLMAN CONSTABLE NAMED GRIBBEN

NOW COLD IN DEATH.

Blackville the Scene of a Double Tragedy—Mr. Brown's Wedding Invitations are Out. Account of the Affair.

Augusta Evening News.

State Constable John Gribben and Solomon Brown were both killed yesterday afternoon in an altercation upon the streets of the usually quiet town of Blackville, S. C. Those in the difficulty on the Brown side were Solomon Brown, his father, Mr. Simon Brown, and two of his brothers, Herman and Isadore, and Constable Gribben and Coroner H. P. Dyches on the other side.

The immediate cause of the trouble was that Constable Gribben went into the South Carolina and Georgia depot and opened a box of clothing consigned to Solomon Brown, expecting to find contraband liquor. Brown soon found it out, and he and Gribben had some words about it, but they parted. After an hour or two they met again upon Main street. This time Mr. Simon Brown and his two younger sons, Herman and Isadore, were with him. They and Gribben immediately got into an altercation, Gribben striking Isadore Brown first and Herman shot Gribben several shots. Then Gribben drew his pistol and shot Solomon Brown several times, two shots through the chest and one through the head, and it is claimed that Dyches shot Solomon from the rear. Dyches was a disinterested person and had nothing to do with the affair, as the Browns had had nothing to say to him, and if he shot Solomon Brown it was to help Gribben. Dyches is a political leader and dispensary man.

Brown died at once and Gribben died in a few minutes after the shooting. He walked through a store and fell in the yard in the rear. None of the others were hurt in the least except Isadore Brown, who Gribben first struck in the face, but it is not at all serious.

These are about the facts, as far as reports indicate. There seems to have been some old contention between the Browns and Gribben. At the time when Tillman was first nominated as Governor, Gribben, then town marshal, was especially active in his cause, thereby incurring the enmity of the Conservative citizens of the town, who, in the ensuing municipal election, supported and elected a council, the members of which pledged themselves in advance not to appoint Gribben town marshal.

The influential Brown family were earnest supporters of the Conservative faction, and did much to bring about the defeat of the men who favored Gribben's continuance as town marshal.

After his defeat and a short time prior to the passage of the dispensary act, Gribben posted a letter reflecting upon Jews, which further widened the breach. After his appointment as a member of the constabulary upon three occasions he opened packages consigned to various members of the Brown family, which naturally engendered bitter feelings.

Solomon Brown was the third son of Simon Brown, and had recently embarked in the furnishing goods business on his own account. He was engaged to be married to Miss Dora Muhlberg, in Savannah, Ga., in November and a beautiful home to which he expected to conduct his young bride is now under construction. He was an especially shrewd business man, popular and courteous, and his untimely end is deeply deplored by all who knew him.

John Gribben, the dispensary constable, was a native of Ireland, about forty years of age, and came to Blackville as town marshal in 1887, and was regarded as a competent officer, but rather lacking in judgment. This position he retained under several administrations, losing it when he espoused the Tillman cause. Before coming to Blackville he had been successively a private in the United States army, in the United States

STEAM GAUGE SHOWS A HUNDRED AND ENOUGH ALL THE TIME.

Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him to the next station. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Was-leyan house airbrake on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?"

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too; one of the very oldest in this country. Good road bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. See, didn't one of the division superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed.

"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman; "she's a daisy, isn't she? river road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river. Takes a heap of water to run it through; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile in less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely county; these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river road when you want—"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door shouting: "Zionsville! Zionsville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"

Water Your Horses Often.

Our Dumb Animals.

Feeding a horse principally on grain and driving it five hours without water is like giving a man salt mackerel for dinner and not allowing him to drink before supper time—very unsatisfactory for the man. If you know anything about the care of horses and have any sympathy for them, water them as often as they want to drink—once an hour if possible. By doing this you will not only be merciful to your animal, but you will be a benefactor to yourself, as they will do more work, look better, and live longer. If you are a skeptic and know more about horses than any one else, you are positive that the foregoing is wrong, because you have had horses die with watering them too much, and boldly say that the agitators of frequent watering are fools in your estimation, and you would not do such a thing. Just reason for a moment and figure out whether the animal would have overdrunk and overchilled his stomach if it had not been allowed to become overthirsty.

A driver who sits in his wagon and lashes his worn out, half-cured, half-fed, and half-watered team deserves to be punished as a criminal.

"Brick" Pomeroy says that he was the discoverer of "Peck's Bad Boy," now Governor George W. Peck, of Wisconsin. He says: "I was publishing my Democrat at La Crosse, Wis., before the war, when I noticed, in an obscure country newspaper, some extremely clever paragraphs. I learned that Peck wrote them, and I wrote to him, offering him \$25 a week to come down to La Crosse and work for me. The next day I got this telegram: 'Mark M. Pomeroy, La Crosse—I accept your offer quicker than instantly. For Heaven's sake don't withdraw it!'"

It is said that Gen. Lew Wallace is to introduce Coxey and his "tatterdemalion army" in the background of a forthcoming new book,

FAITH IN IMMORTALITY.

The more intimately I enter into communion with myself—the more I consult my own intelligence—the more legibly do I find written in my soul these words, "Be just and thou shalt be happy." But let us not base our expectations upon the present state of things. The wicked prosper and the just remain oppressed. At this conscience takes umbrage, and murmurs against its author; it murmurs, "Thou hast deceived me!" Who has proclaimed this to thee? Is thy soul annihilated? Hast thou ceased to exist? O Brutus! O my son! Soil not thy noble life by turning thine own hand against it. Leave not thy hope and thy glory with the mortal body on the field of Philip- pi! Why dost thou say virtue is nothing, when thou goest to enjoy the price of thine? Thou goest to die, thou thinkest no, thou goest to live, and it is then that I shall fulfill all. One would say, from the murmurs of impatient mortals, that God ought to require their virtue in advance. Oh! let us first be good and afterward we shall be happy. Let us not exact the prize before the victory, nor the wages before the labor. It is not on the course, says Plutarch, that the conquerors in our games are crowned; it is after they have gone over it. If the soul is immortal it can survive the body; and, in that survival, providence is justified. Though I were to have no other proof of the immortality of the soul than the triumph of the wicked and the oppression of the just in this world, that spectacle alone would prevent my doubting the reality of the life after death. So shocking a dissonance in this universal harmony would make me seek to explain it. I should say: "All does not finish for me with this mortal life; what succeeds shall make concord of what went before."

Ball Lightning.

Chamber's Journal.

The occurrence of what is known as ball lightning is so rare that every instance of it is of some interest. The London Lancet lately described a narrow escape from death by this form of lightning, which was experienced by a distinguished surgeon of Louvain who had gone to visit a patient in a neighboring town. He was overtaken by a thunderstorm, and what he described as a ball of fire descended upon and rendered him for sometime unconscious.

On coming to himself he found that the cloth of the umbrella which he had been holding was completely turned off its steel framework, the metal being twisted into every shape. He attributes his safety to the circumstance that the umbrella has a wooden handle; had it been of metal he must have been instantaneously killed.

This is Encouraging.

The last sentence of the annexed paragraph is worthy of special consideration because it is from the Philadelphia Times, a paper that has a reputation for conservatism throughout the country:

The tariff policy of the Government is now settled for years to come. There will doubtless be amendments proposed, and some probably adopted, but these will be matters of detail, and not affect the policy of the new tariff bill. There never will be any serious efforts made by any party to return to the monopoly taxes of the McKinley law that is now in its expiring agonies. Industry, commerce, and trade now have a clear field, and with our large surplus of products well exhausted, a season of great industrial and commercial activity is certainly close at hand.

A big lot of Straw Matting from 30¢ to 40¢ per yard, at Ramsey & Bland's.

Just received the nicest assortment of Rugs in the market, from 50 cents up, at Ramsey & Bland's.

We are prepared to supply you with either a New Buckeye or McCormick Mower, at \$45. Hay Rakes at \$20, at Ramsey & Bland's.

TILLMAN ON THE SITUATION.

THE CRY OF RING RULE DOES NOT FRIGHTEN HIM.

HIS DEMOCRACY MEANS

White Supremacy, He Says—There Will be No "Alabama Business" in Carolina.

Augusta Chronicle.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 29.—Governor Tillman was interviewed to-day, and spoke as follows regarding the portentous political situation:

"Until somebody explains why the Conservatives of Columbia and Charleston did not turn out and vote it is not necessary for us to say anything about the light Reform vote. The Conservatives have everything their way in these two cities, and the Reformers have everything their way in the country, and didn't exert themselves. In most of the counties there was no opposition ticket to spur the Reformers to action. The reiteration of the cry of a ring is not going to scare anybody or muster up any votes.

"I give notice now that we are not going to have any Alabama business in South Carolina in November. If these people want to warm this black snake into life and join forces with it under the plea of Democracy, we are ready to meet them and give them the worst drubbing they ever had in their lives.

"The defeated politicians who cannot get a majority of the white vote and want to get elected by joining forces with the negro, may as well understand this.

"I never will believe until I see it that any considerable number of the Conservatives will make this desperate effort to regain political power at such terrible risks, for every sensible man knows that when the negro is brought in as the balance of power between the contending white factions the State will sink into a deeper gulf of misery and misgovernment than existed from '68 to '76—or from that which we emerged in 1876. All the offices in the world are not worth such a price. My Democracy means white supremacy. I and those who have backed me will not join forces with the negro. Let those who do, justify it to the people."

No Place for Cows.

The Augusta Chronicle gives the following incident in connection with the recent lightning run on the Atlantic Coast Line:

There was one incident of the run which occurred near Burroughs station, which showed the tremendous speed at which the train was going. A bunch of cattle surprised on the track at that point, failed to make allowance for the rapid rate at which the train was progressing toward them. The engineer blew his whistle, but did not slow down a second. The pilot seemed to catch the whole bunch squarely, and six or seven cows were tossed in the air as if they were so many pieces of paper. The passengers did not feel the slightest jar from the collision with the cattle. The road will no doubt have the cows to pay for but as an employee remarked, "Expense cuts no figure on this run."

Our line of Bed-room Suites are the noblest you ever saw, and at prices to suit the times, at Ramsey & Bland's.

The cheapest parlor suit of furniture ever brought to Edgefield, for sale by Ramsey & Bland.

Use T. X. L. For Pain.

It Cures

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, GRIP, AND COLD IN ALL ITS FORMS, CUTS, SORES, BRUISES, SPRAINS, LAMENESS.

It always relieves when properly applied.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Prepared by T. X. L. CO.

C. M. DEMPSEY, Manager

230 Main St., Columbia, S. C.